

PR 5489

.C5

1902a

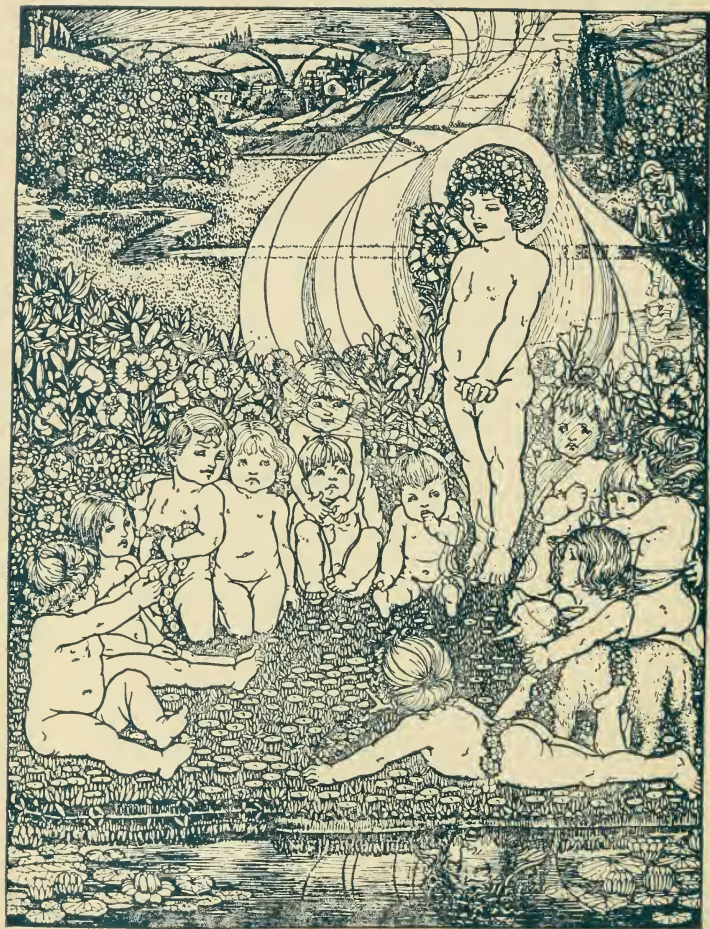
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00003199046

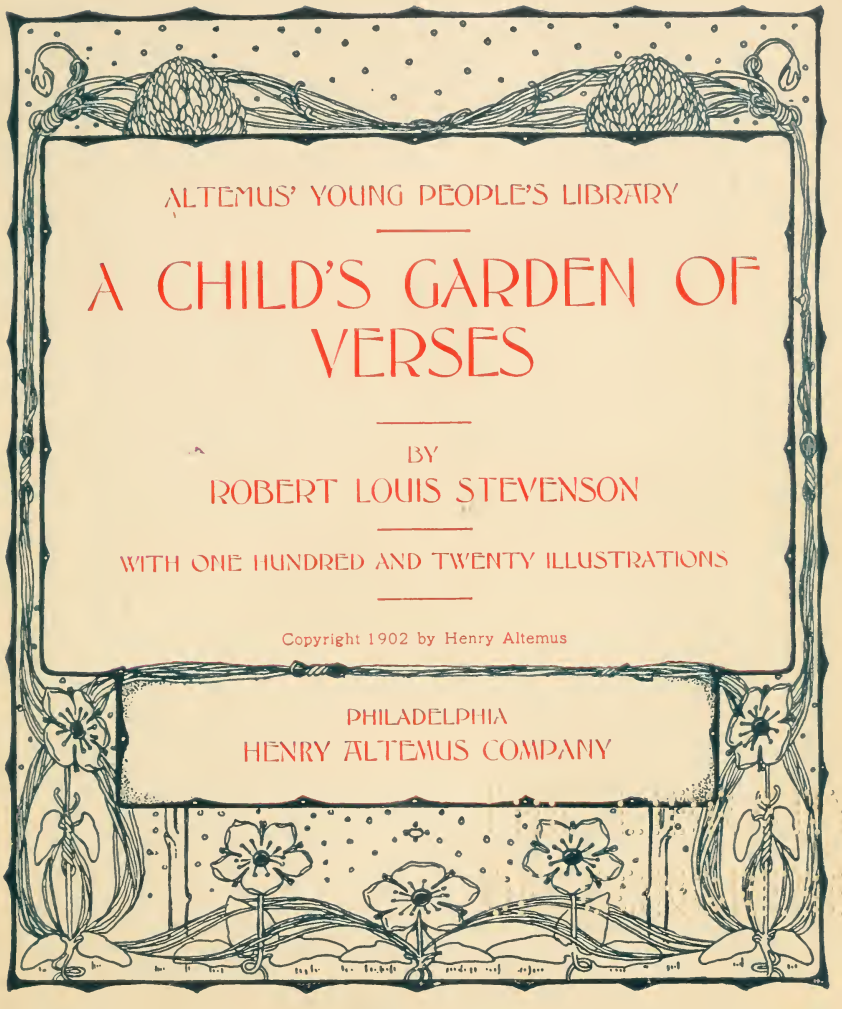






A Child's Garden of Verses—Frontispiece.

“THE CHILDREN’S CORNER OF PARADISE.”



ALTEMUS' YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

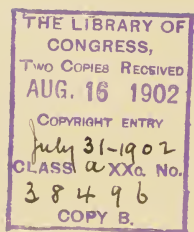
WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

Copyright 1902 by Henry Altemus

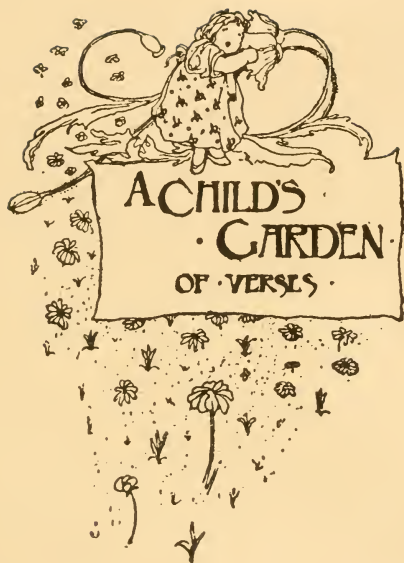
PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

PR 5489

.05
1442a



TABLET 311
230000 70





TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM

FROM HER BOY

*FOR the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake :
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land :
For all the story-books you read :
For all the pains you comforted :
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore :—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold !*

*And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice !*

R. L. S.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM</i>	7
BED IN SUMMER	16
A THOUGHT	18
AT THE SEA-SIDE	19
YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT	20
WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN	21
RAIN	22
PIRATE STORY	23
FOREIGN LANDS	25
WINDY NIGHTS	27
TRAVEL	30
SINGING	33
LOOKING FORWARD	34
A GOOD PLAY	35
WHERE GO THE BOATS?	36
AUNTIE'S SKIRTS	40

	PAGE
THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE	41
THE LAND OF NOD	42
MY SHADOW	44
SYSTEM	46
A GOOD BOY	48
ESCAPE AT BEDTIME	49
MARCHING SONG	50
THE COW	52
HAPPY THOUGHT	54
THE MOON	55
THE WIND	56
KEEPSAKE MILL	58
GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN	60
FOREIGN CHILDREN	63
THE SUN'S TRAVELS	65
THE LAMPLIGHTER	66
MY BED IS A BOAT	67
TIME TO RISE	69
THE SWING	70
LOOKING-GLASS RIVER	74
FAIRY BREAD	76
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE	77
WINTER-TIME	79
THE HAYLOFT	82
FAREWELL TO THE FARM	84

CONTENTS

11

	PAGE
NORTH-WEST PASSAGE	86
1. Good-night.	
2. Shadow March.	
3. In Port.	

THE CHILD ALONE

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE	101
MY SHIP AND I	104
MY KINGDOM	107
PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER	110
MY TREASURES	114
BLOCK CITY	116
THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS	118
ARMIES IN THE FIRE	120
THE LITTLE LAND	123

GARDEN DAYS

NIGHT AND DAY	129
NEST EGGS	132
THE FLOWERS	136
SUMMER SUN	138
THE DUMB SOLDIER	140
AUTUMN FIRES	144
THE GARDENER	146
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS	148

CONTENTS

ENVOYS

	PAGE
TO WILLIE AND HENRIETTA	153
TO MY MOTHER	155
TO AUNTIE	156
TO MINNIE	157
TO MY NAME-CHILD	160
TO ANY READER	163



FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Frontispiece</i>	PAGE
"I have to go to bed by day"	17
"By he comes back at the gallop again"	29
"Boats of mine a-boating"	37
"And out past the mill"	39
"O, wind a-blowing all day long"	57
"But the unkind and the unruly"	61
"How do you like to go up in a swing?"	71
"Up in the air and over the wall"	73
"O, what a place for play!"	81
"The happy hills of hay"	83
"Let us arise and go like men"	87
"And face with an undaunted tread"	89
"Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum"	91
"The shadow of the child that goes to bed"	93
"There safe arrived, we turn about"	95

	PAGE
"And in the land of Nod at last" . . .	97
"A ship that goes a-sailing on the pond" .	103
"And to fire the penny cannon in the bow" .	105
"I called the little pool a sea" . . .	109
"We may see how all things are" . . .	111
"Sitting safe in nursery nooks" . . .	113
"Armies march by tower and spire" . . .	121
"While we stand watching her" . . .	133
"We on our feet must go plodding and walk- ing"	135
"See the smoke trail"	143
"The red fire blazes"	145

**A CHILD'S GARDEN
OF VERSES**

BED IN SUMMER

[N winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



"BED IN SUMMER"

"I HAVE TO GO TO BED BY DAY."

A THOUGHT

IT is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and **drink**,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.



AT THE SEA-SIDE

WHEN I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.



YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

ALL night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green ;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A CHILD should always say what 's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.



RAIN

THE rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.





THREE of us afloat in the meadow by the
swing,

Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.

Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the
spring;

And waves are on the meadow like the waves
there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're
afloat,

Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here 's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as
they can be,
The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the
shore.



FOREIGN LANDS

UP into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five
And all the playthings come alive.





WINDY NIGHTS



WHENEVER the moon and stars
are set,

Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.





"WINDY NIGHTS"

"BY HE COMES BACK
AT THE GALLOP AGAIN."



I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow ;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats ;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,

Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar ;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum ;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts ;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes ;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin ;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
And its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,

Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I 'll come when I 'm a man
With a camel caravan ;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room ;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals ;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.





F speckled eggs the birdie sings
 And nests among the trees;
 The sailor sings of ropes and things
 In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
 The children sing in Spain;
 The organ with the organ man
 Is singing in the rain.



OF SPECKLED EGGS THE BIRDIE SINGS. 65

LOOKING FORWARD

WHEN I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.



A GOOD PLAY

WE built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails ;
And Tom said, " Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake ;"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays ;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
 Golden is the sand,
It flows along for ever,
 With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
 Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
 Where will all come home?

On goes the river
 And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
 Away down the hill.

WHERE

GO THE BOATS?

"BOATS OF MINE A-BOATING"

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.





"AND OUT PAST THE MILL,"



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
 I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills ;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets ;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE LAND OF NOD

FROM breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.





MY SHADOW.



I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,

And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head ;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump into
my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow—

Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow ;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-
rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there 's none
of him at all.

He has n't got a notion of how children ought to
play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of
way.

He stays so close beside me, he 's a coward you
can see ;
I 'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow
sticks to me !

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-
cup ;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-
head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep
in bed.





SYSTEM BELIEVES

E

VERY night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I 'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.



A GOOD BOY

I WOKE before the morning, I was happy all
the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck
to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the
wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been
good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen
smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleeps-in-by, and not forget my
prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun
arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly
sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the
dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round
the lawn.

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

THE lights from the parlour and kitchen shone
out

Through the blinds and the windows and bars ;
And high overhead and all moving about,

There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a
tree,

Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon
me,

And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and
all,

And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.

' They saw me at last, and they chased me with
cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed ;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.





· MARCHING~ - SONG ·

BRING the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick ;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick !

Here 's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane !
Now that we 've been round the village,
Let 's go home again.





THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart :
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lewing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day ;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.



HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.



THE MOON

THE moon has a face like the clock in the hall;

She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.



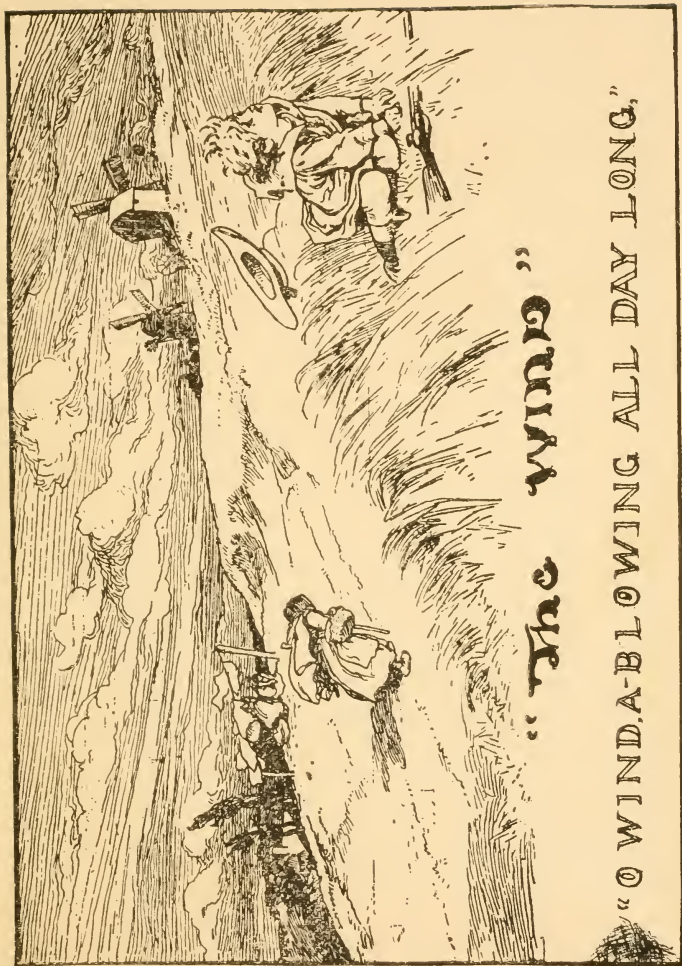


THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass.
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push. I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



"The Wind"

"O WIND, A-BLOWING ALL DAY LONG,"

KEEPSAKE MILL

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,
 Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
 Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
 Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
 Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
 Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
 Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
 Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever
 Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
 Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,
 Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.



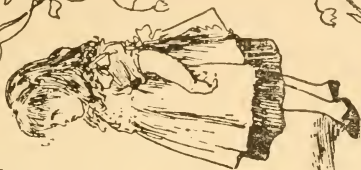


CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

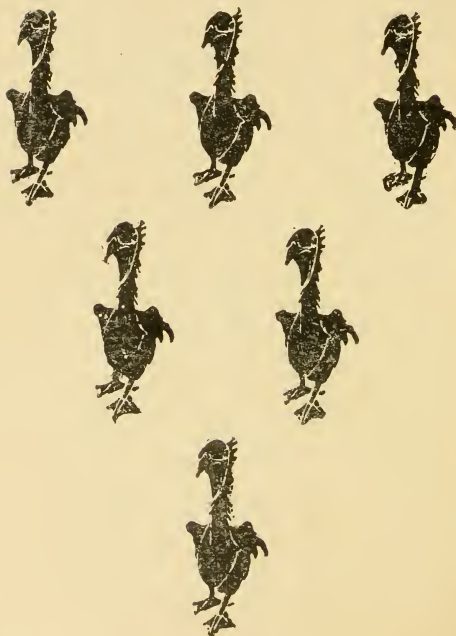
GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN



"BUT THE UNKIND AND THE UNRULY."

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.





FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japance,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it 's not so nice as mine ;
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat ;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O ! don't you wish that you were me ?





THE SUN'S TRAVELS

THE sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie ;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea ;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky ;
It 's time to take the window to see Leerie going
by ;
For every night at teatime and before you take
your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa 's a banker and as rich as he can be ;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I 'm to do,
O Leerie, I 'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you !

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more ;
And O ! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light ;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-
night !



MY BED IS A BOAT

MY bed is like a little boat ;
Nurse helps me in when I embark ;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore ;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do ;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

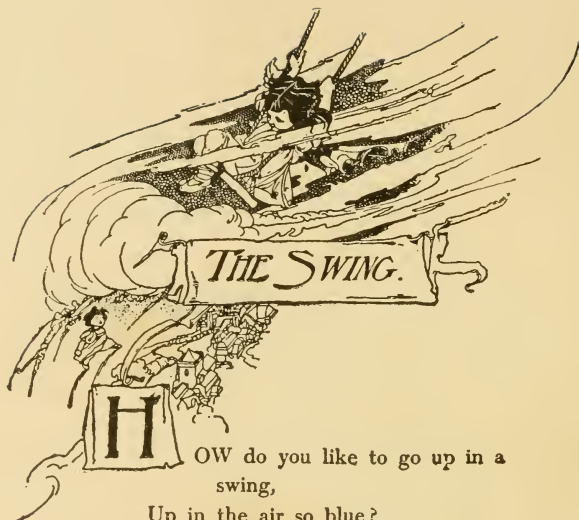
All night across the dark we steer ;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.



TIME TO RISE

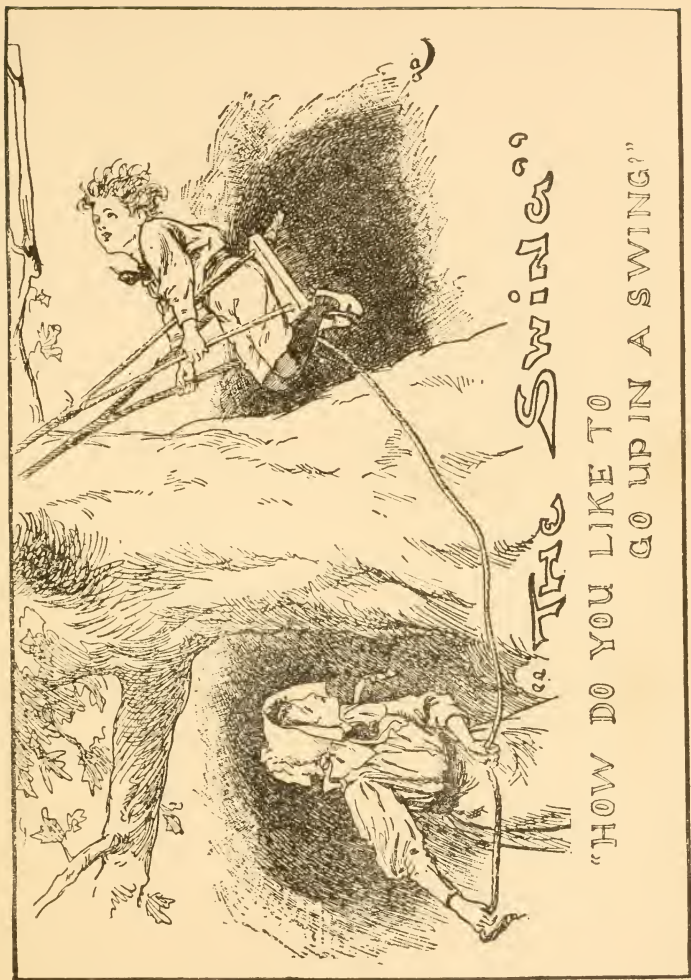
A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said :
“Aint you 'shamed, you sleepy-head !”



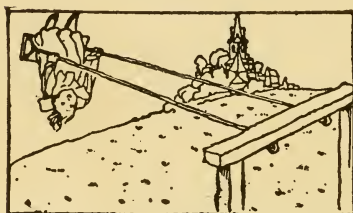


HOW do you like to go up in a
swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—



Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down !





"UP IN THE AIR AND OVER THE WALL,"

LOOKING-GLASS RIVER

SMOOTH it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam—
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air—
How a child wishes
To live down there!

We can see our coloured faces
Floating on the shaken pool
Down in cool places,
Dim and very cool;

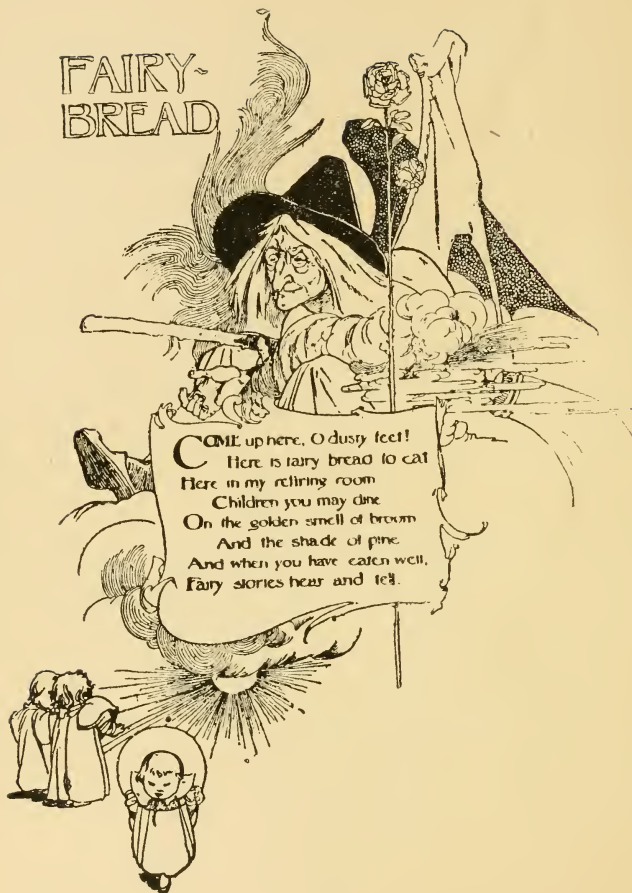
Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
Spreads in a twinkle
And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other ;
All below grows black as night,
Just as if mother
Had blown out the light !

Patience, children, just a minute—
See the spreading circles die ;
The stream and all in it
Will clear by-and-by.



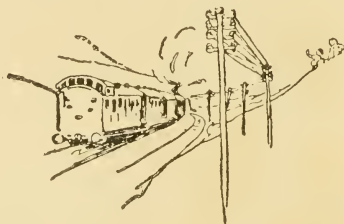
FAIRY- BREAD





FASTER than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles ;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes ;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies !
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with a man and load ;
And here is a mill and there is a river ·
Each a glimpse and gone for ever !





LATE lies the wintry sun a-bed,
 A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
 Blinks but an hour or two; and then.
 A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
 At morning in the dark I rise;
 And shivering in my nakedness,
 By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

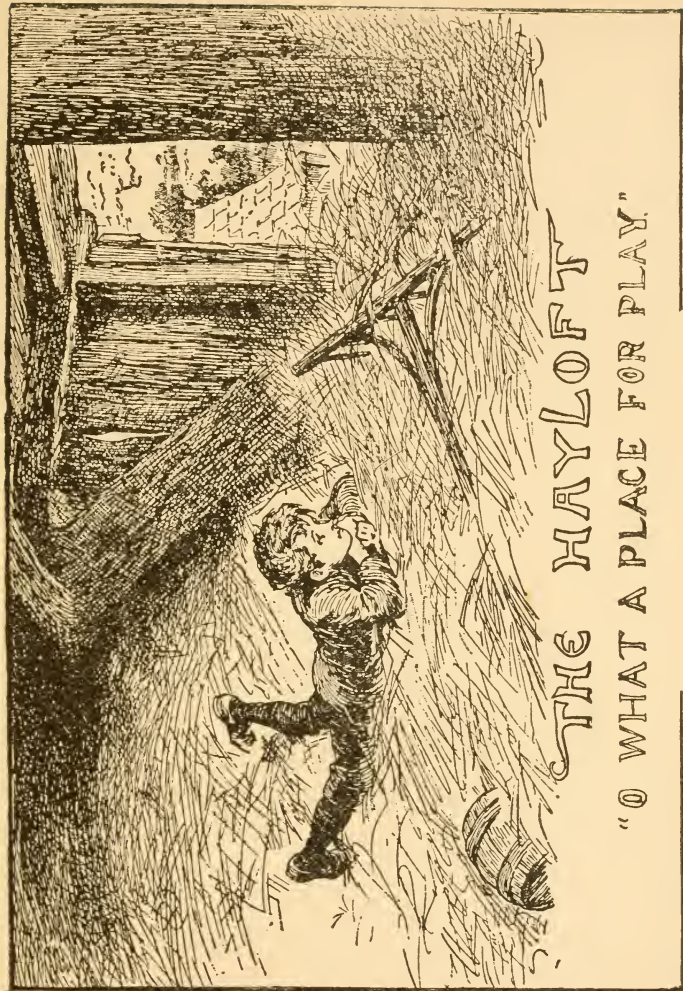


Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit ;
Or, with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap ;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod ;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad ;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.





THE HAYLOFT
"O WHAT A PLACE FOR PLAY."

THE HAYLOFT

THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in waggons home ;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High ;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I !

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay !

"THE HAPPY HILLS OF HAY!"



FAREWELL TO THE FARM

THE coach is at the door at last ;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing :
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !

Crack goes the whip, and off we go ;
The trees and houses smaller grow ;
Last, round the woody turn we swing :
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything !



NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

1. GOOD NIGHT

WHEN the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin ;
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth ; and see
Our faces painted as we pass,
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed ? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE



GOOD

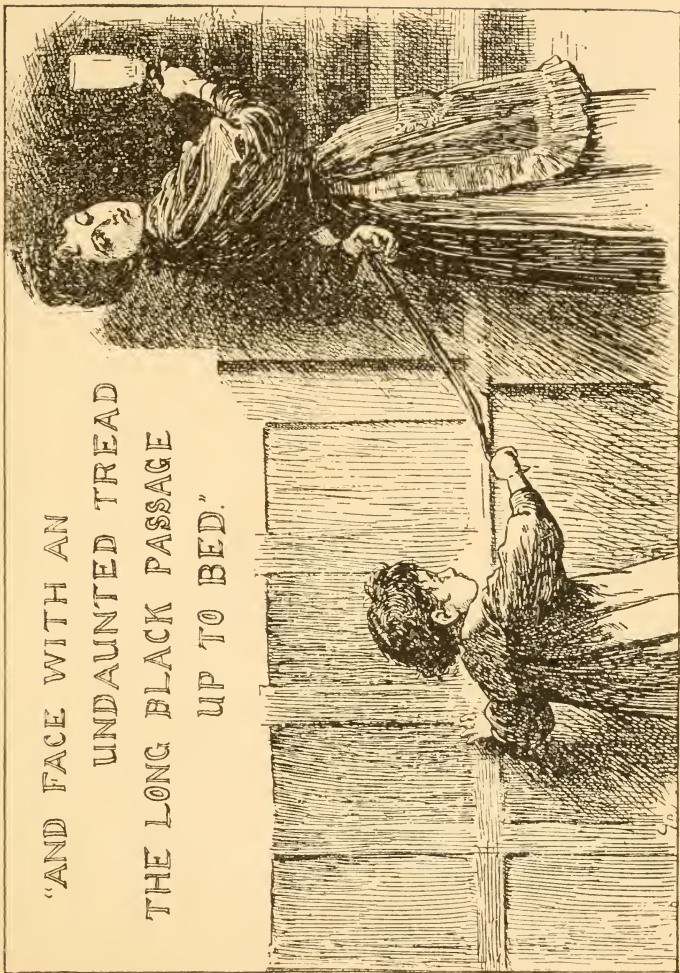
NIGHT

"LET US ARISE AND GO LIKE MEN,"

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire !
O pleasant party round the fire !
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well !



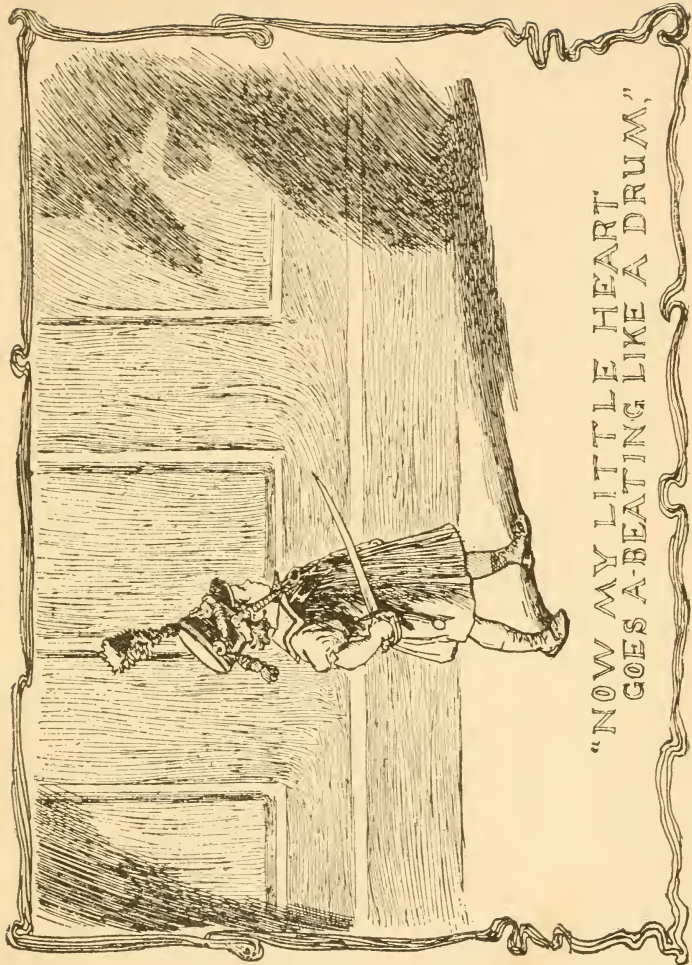
"AND FACE WITH AN
UNDAUNTED TREAD
THE LONG BLACK PASSAGE
UP TO BED."



2. SHADOW MARCH

All round the house is the jet-black night ;
It stares through the window-pane ;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair ;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows
come,
And go marching along up the stair.



"NOW MY LITTLE HEART
GOES A-BEATING LIKE A DRUM,"

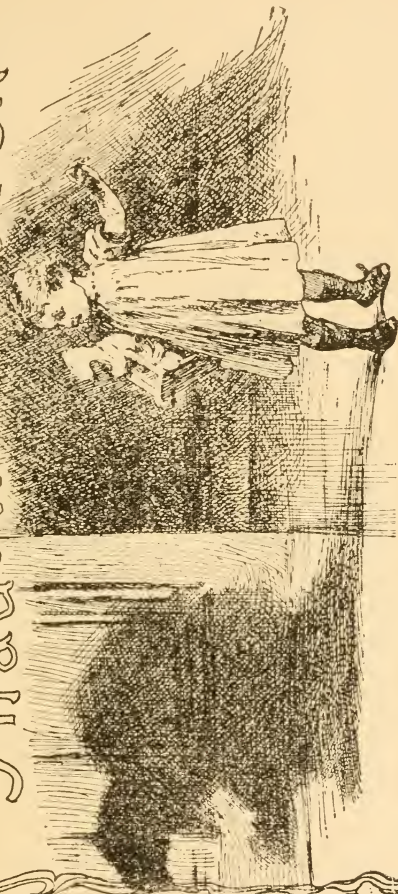
The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the
lamp,

The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp,
tramp,

With the black night overhead.



Shadow... March



THE SHADOW OF THE CHILD
THAT GOES TO BED—

3. IN PORT

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

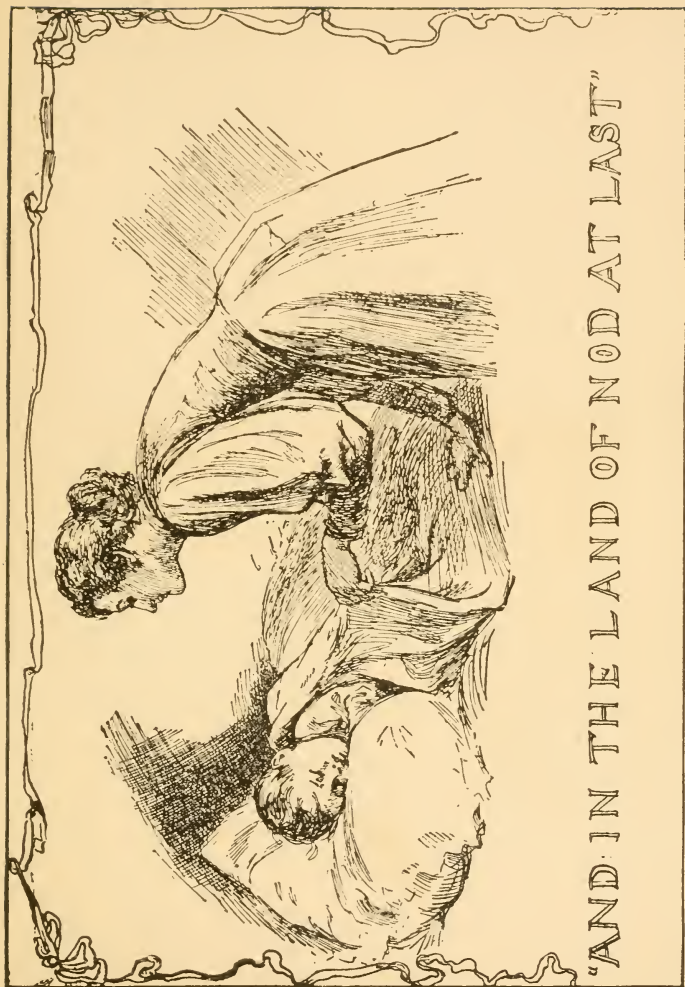
There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.



"THERE, SAFE ARRIVED,
WE TURN ABOUT."

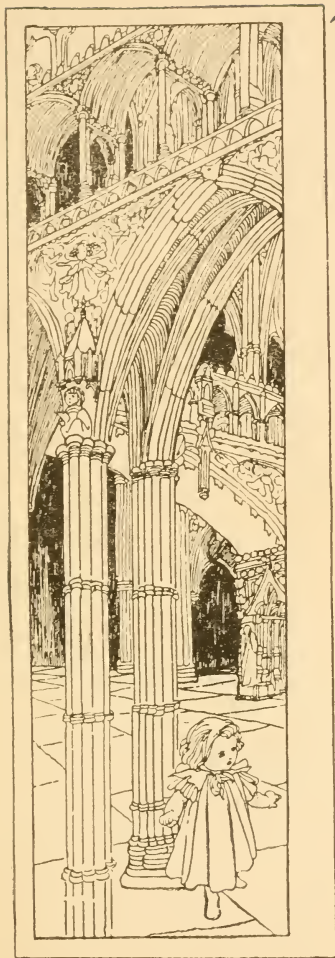
Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the land of Nod at last.





"AND IN THE LAND OF NOD AT LAST"





THE CHILD ALONE.





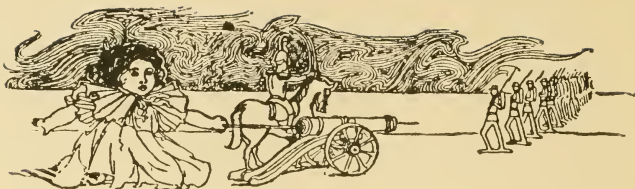


THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE



WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

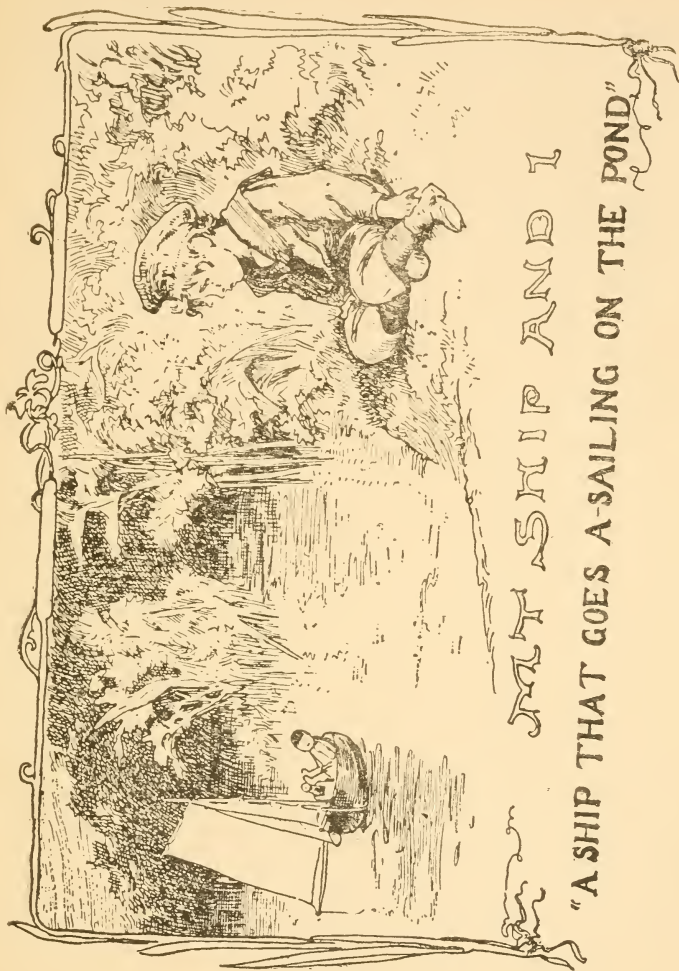


He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
 He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
 Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
 The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
 'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
 'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin
 That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,
 Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your
 head;
 For wherever they 're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
 'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!





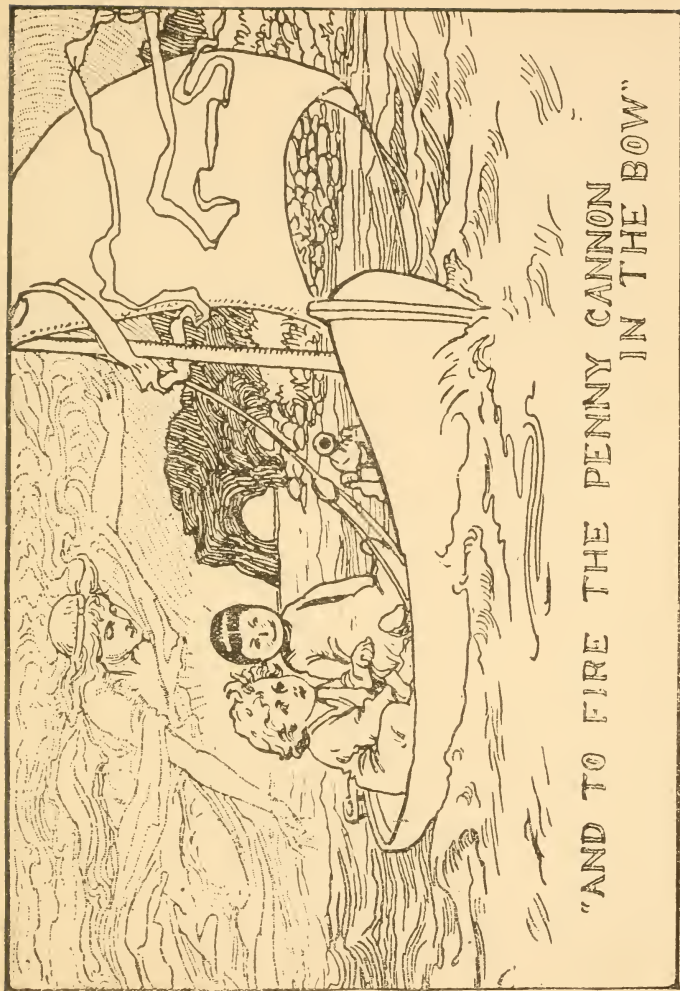
MY SHIP AND I

"A SHIP THAT GOES A-SAILING ON THE POND"

MY SHIP AND I

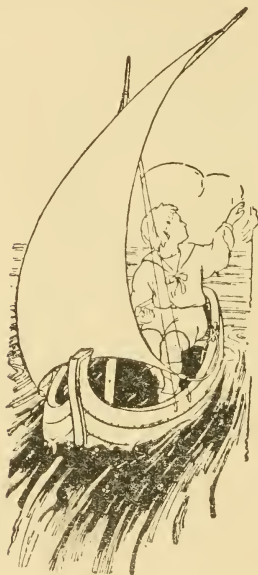
O IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little
ship,
Of a ship that goes a sailing on the pond ;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all
about ;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret
out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the
helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive ;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I
shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes
blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.



"AND TO FIRE THE PENNY CANNON
IN THE BOW"

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the
rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and
explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was be-
fore,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.





DOWN by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea ;
The little hills were big to me ;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
 The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
 For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
 Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
 To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
 And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
 How great and cool the rooms!



PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

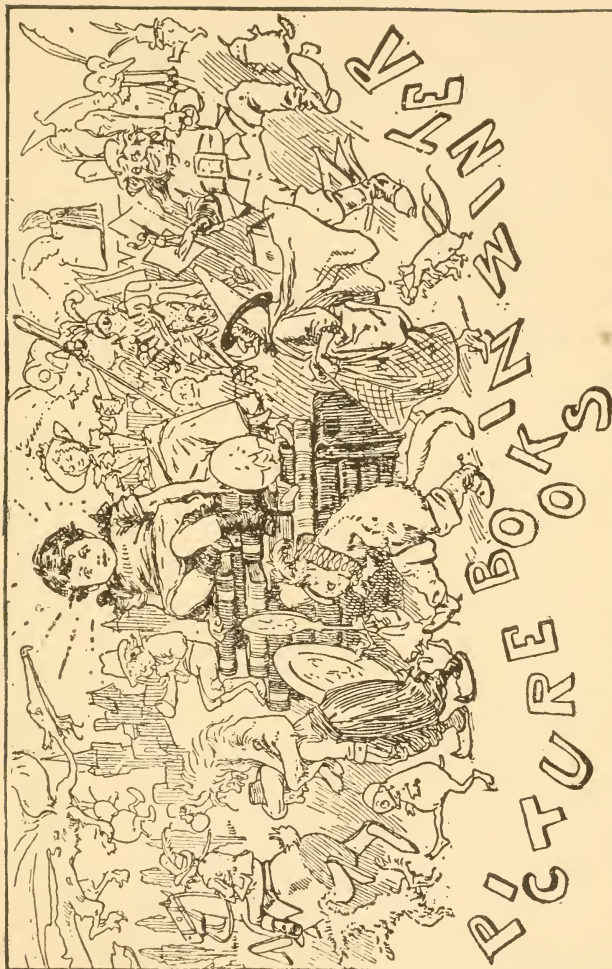
SUMMER fading, winter comes—

Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon ;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

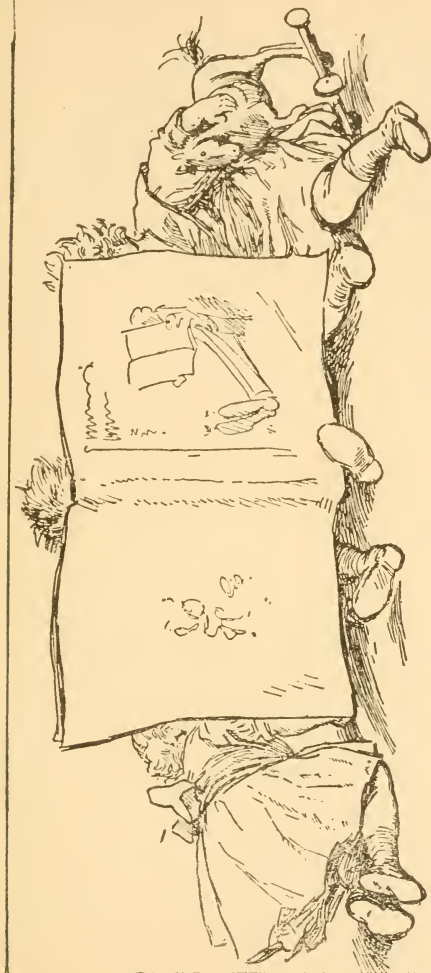


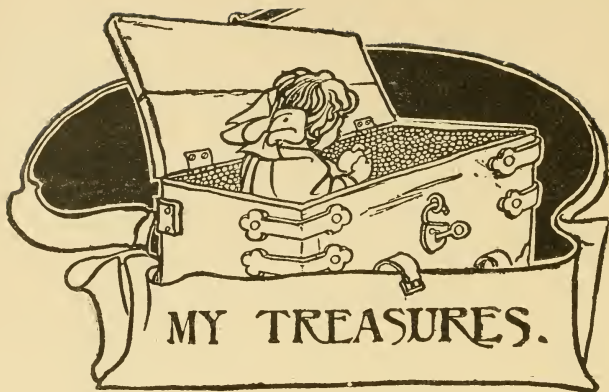
"WE MAY SEE HOW ALL THINGS ARE."

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books ?



"SITTING SAFE IN NURSERY NOOKS,
READING PICTURE STORY-BOOKS."





THESE nuts, that I keep in the back of the
nest

Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle was made (and how clearly it sounds !)
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own—
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone !



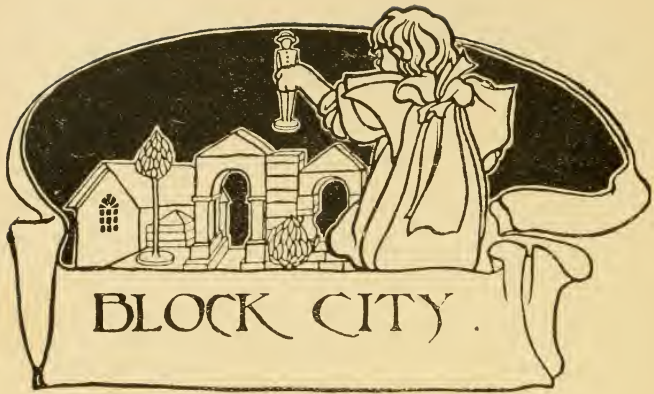
The stone, with the white and the yellow and
grey,

We discovered I cannot tell *how* far away ;
And I carried it back, although weary and cold,
For though father denies it, I 'm sure it is gold.

But of all my treasures the last is the king,
For there 's very few children possess such a
thing ;

And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.





WHAT are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

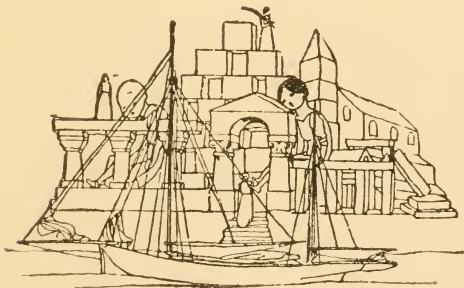
Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored :
Hark to the song of the sailors on board !
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things !

Now I have done with it, down let it go !
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea ?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.



THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
 Around the fire my parents sit ;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

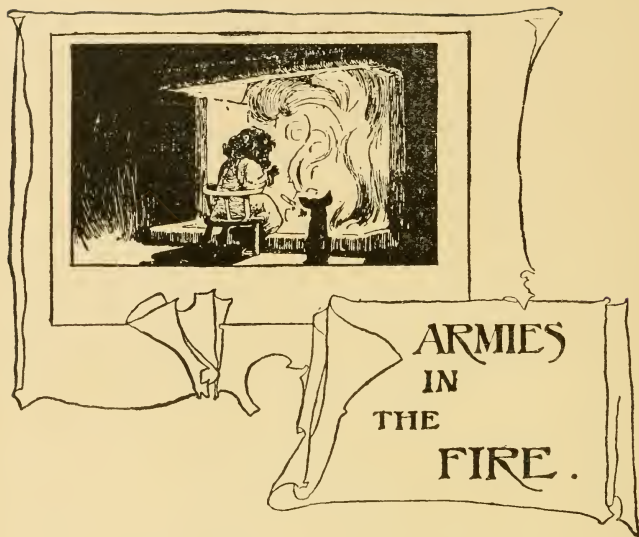
There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes ;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away.
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.





THE lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room;
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

ARMIES IN THE FIRE



"ARMIES MARCH BY TOWER AND SPIRE"

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire ;—
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns ;
Again the phantom city burns ;
And down the red-hot valley, lo !
The phantom armies marching go !

Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces !



THE LITTLE LAND

WHEN at home alone I sit
 And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
 Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
 Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,

And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I 'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it ;
Little things with lovely eyes

See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been !)
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue ;
Some have wings and swift are gone ;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain :
High bare walls, great bare floor ;
Great big knobs on drawer and door ;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—

O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.



GARDEN DAYS

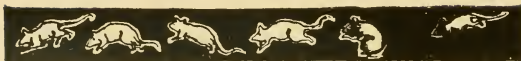




WHEN the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall
As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber—
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.



In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,
Houses, trees and hedges,
Clearer grow; and sparrow's wings
Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid;
She the door shall open—
Finding dew on garden glade
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
Green and rosy painted,
As at eve behind the pane
From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,

Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes,

“Up!” they cry, “the day is come
On the smiling valleys:
We have beat the morning drum;
Playmate, join your allies!”

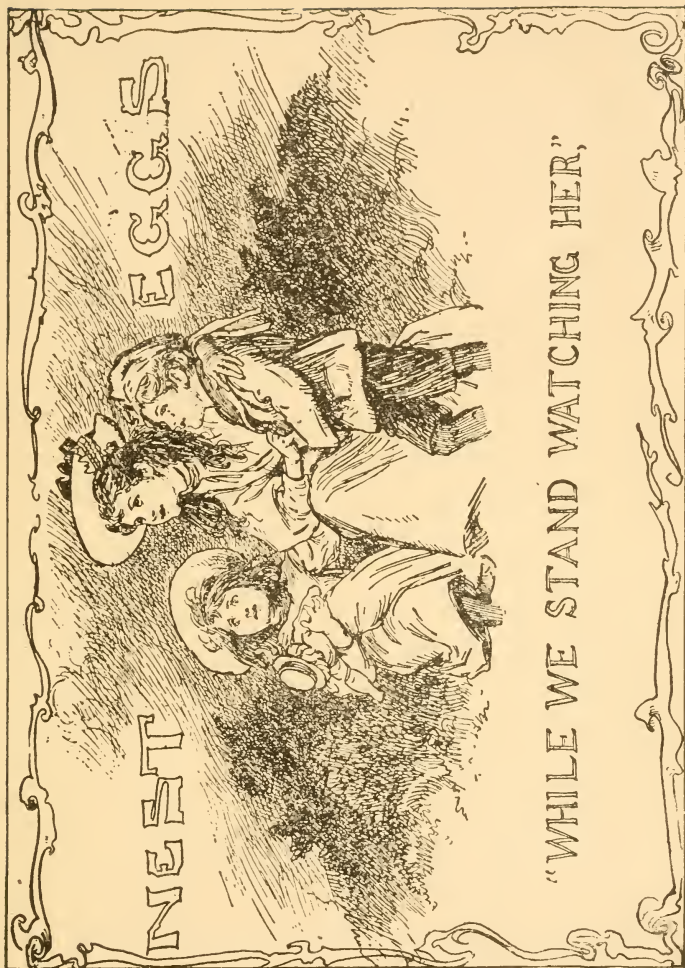
NEST EGGS

BIRDS all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.



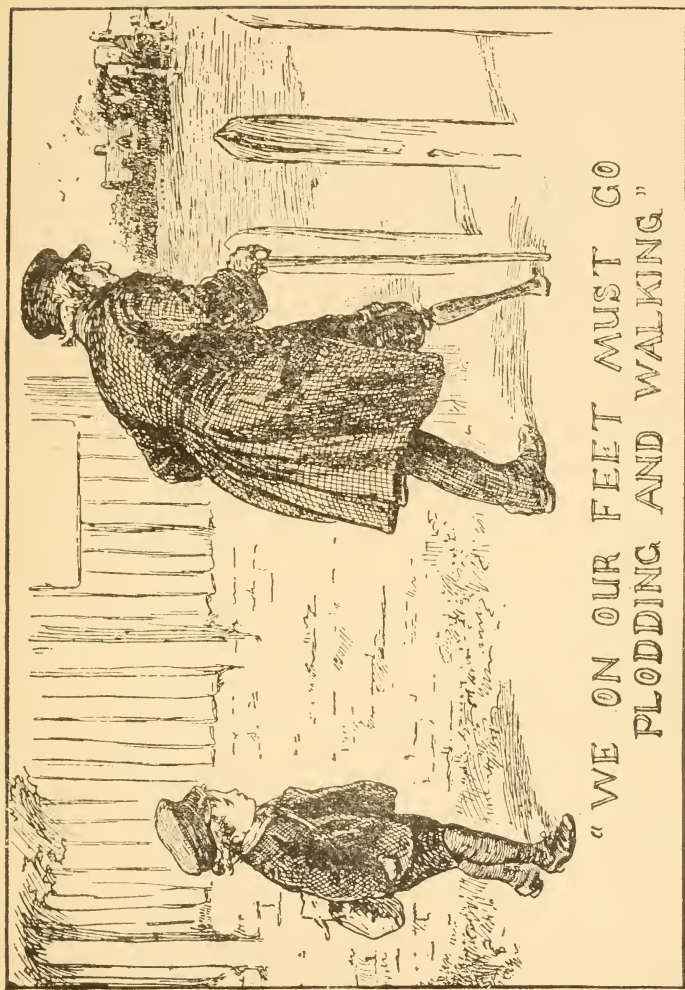
"WHILE WE STAND WATCHING HER,"

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they 'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.



"WE ON OUR FEET MUST GO
PLODDING AND WALKING"

THE FLOWERS



ALL the names I know from nurse :
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names !

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these ·
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.





GREAT is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose ;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.





THE DUMB SOLDIER

WHEN the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace ;
Grasses hide my hiding place ;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier ;
But for all that 's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring ;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.





"SEE THE SMOKE TRAIL"

AUTUMN FIRES

IN the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail !

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons !
Something bright in all !
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall !

"THE RED FIRE BLAZES,
THE GREY SMOKE TOWERS"



THE GARDENER

THE gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue.
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!





DEAR Uncle Jim, this garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see ! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies ; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.





ENVOYS





TO WILLIE AND HENRI- ETTA



IF two may read aright
 These rhymes of old delight
 And house and garden play,
 You two, my cousins, and you only, may.

You in a garden green
 With me were king and queen,
 Were hunter, soldier, tar,
 And all the thousand things that children are.

Now in the elders' seat
We rest with quiet feet,
And from the window-bay
We watch the children, our successors. play.



"Time was," the golden head
Irrevocably said ;
But time which none can bind,
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.



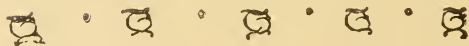


YOU too, my mother, read my rhymes
 For love of unforgotten times ,
 And you may chance to hear once more
 The little feet along the floor.





CHIEF of our aunts — not only I,
 But all your dozen of nurslings cry —
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?



TO MINNIE

THE red room with the giant bed
Where none but elders laid their head;
The little room where you and I
Did for awhile together lie
And, simple suitor, I your hand
In decent marriage did demand;
The great day nursery, best of all,
With pictures pasted on the wall
And leaves upon the blind—
A pleasant room wherein to wake
And hear the leafy garden shake
And rustle in the wind —
And pleasant there to lie in bed
And see the pictures overhead—
The wars about Sebastopol,
The grinning guns along the wall,
The daring escalade,
The plunging ships, the bleating sheep,
The happy children ankle-deep
And laughing as they wade:
All these are vanished clean away,

And the old manse is changed to-day ;
It wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race.
The river, on from mill to mill,
Flows past our childhood's garden still ;
But ah ! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door !
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play,
And I can hear them call and say :
“ *How far is it to Babylon ?* ”

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone !
“ *Can I get there by candlelight ?* ”
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know—perchance you might—
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again !
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

To you in distant India, these
I send across the seas,

Nor count it far across.
For which of us forgets
The Indian cabinets,
The bones of antelope, the wings of albatross,
The pied and painted birds and beans,
The junks and bangles, beads and screens,
The gods and sacred bells,
And the loud-humming, twisted shells !
The level of the parlour floor
Was honest, homely, Scottish shore ;
But when we climbed upon a chair,
Behold the gorgeous East was there !
Be this a fable ; and behold
Me in the parlour as of old,
And Minnie just above me set
In the quaint Indian cabinet !
Smiling and kind, you grace a shelf
Too high for me to reach myself.
Reach down a hand, my dear, and take
These rhymes for old acquaintance' sake !



SOME day soon this rhyming volume, if you
learn with proper speed,
Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read.
Then shall you discover, that your name was
printed down
By the English printers, long before, in London
town.

In the great and busy city where the East and
West are met,
All the little letters did the English printer set ;
While you thought of nothing, and were still too
young to play,
Foreign people thought of you in places far
away.



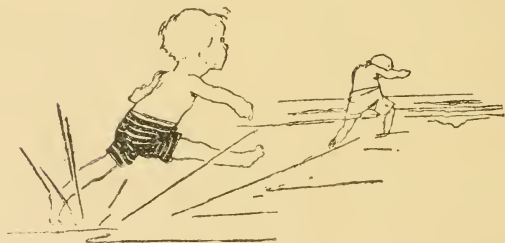
Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the
English lands
Other little children took the volume in their
hands ;
Other children questioned, in their homes across
the seas :
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother,
please ?

2

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down
and go and play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of
Monterey,

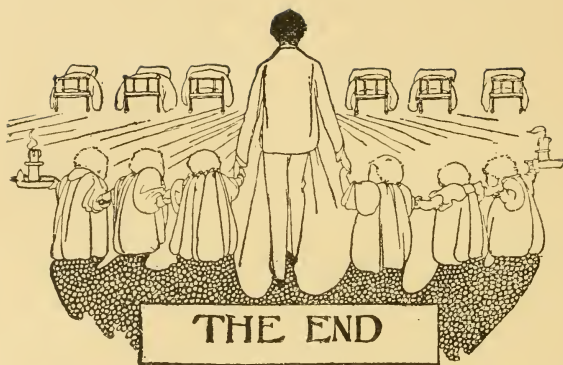
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried
by the breeze,
Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.

And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls
to you,
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what
to do ;
And that while you thought of no one, nearly
half the world away
Some one thought of Louis on the beach of
Monterey !



TO ANY READER

AS from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden, play.
But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.



ALTEMUS'

Young People's Library.

PRICE, 50 CENTS EACH.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: His Life and Strange Surprising Adventures. With 70 beautiful illustrations by Walter Paget. Arranged for young readers.

"There exists no work, either of instruction or entertainment, which has been more generally read, and universally admired."
—*Walter Scott*.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. With 42 illustrations by John Tenniel.

"This is Carroll's immortal story."—*Athenæum*.

"The most delightful of children's stories. Elegant and delicious nonsense"—*Saturday Review*.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. (A companion to Alice in Wonderland.) With 50 illustrations by John Tenniel.

"Not a whit inferior to its predecessor in grand extravagance of imagination, and delicious allegorical nonsense."—*Quarterly Review*.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. With 50 full-page and text illustrations.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS is the most popular story book in the world. With the exception of the Bible it has been translated into more languages than any other book ever printed.

A CHILD'S STORY OF THE BIBLE. With 72 full-page illustrations.

Tells in simple language and in a form fitted for the hands of the younger members of the Christian flock, the tale of God's dealings with his Chosen People under the Old Dispensation, with its foreshadowings of the coming of that Messiah who was to make all mankind one fold under one Shepherd.

A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. With 49 illustrations.

God has implanted in the infant's heart a desire to hear of Jesus, and children are early attracted and sweetly riveted by the wonderful Story of the Master from the Manger to the Throne.

In this little book we have brought together from Scripture every incident, expression and description within the verge of their comprehension, in the effort to weave them into a memorial garland of their Saviour.

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP. Compiled from the best accepted sources. With 62 illustrations.

The fables of Æsop are among the very earliest compositions of this kind, and probably have never been surpassed for point and brevity, as well as for the practical good sense they display. In their grotesque grace, in their quaint humor, in their trust in the simpler virtues, in their insight into the cruder vices, in their innocence of the fact of sex, ÆSOP'S FABLES are as little children—and for that reason will ever find a home in the heaven of little children's souls.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, or the Adventures of a Shipwrecked Family on an Uninhabited Island. With 50 illustrations.

A remarkable tale of adventure that will interest the boys and girls. The father of the family tells the tale and the vicissitudes through which he and his wife and children pass, the wonderful discoveries they make, and the dangers they encounter. It is a standard work of adventure that has the favor of all who have read it.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. With 70 illustrations.

It is the duty of every American lad to know the story of Christopher Columbus. In this book is depicted the story of his life and struggles; of his persistent solicitations at the courts of Europe, and his contemptuous receptions by the learned Geographical Councils, until his final employment by Queen Isabella. Records the day-by-day journeyings while he was pursuing his aim and his perilous way over the shoreless ocean, until he "gave to Spain a New World." Shows his progress through Spain on the occasion of his first return, when he was received with rapturous demonstrations and more than regal homage. His displacement by the

Odjeas, Ovandos and Bobadilas ; his last return in chains, and the story of his death in poverty and neglect.

THE STORY OF EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY IN AFRICA. With 80 illustrations.

Records the adventures, privations, sufferings, trials, dangers and discoveries in developing the "Dark Continent," from the early days of Bruce and Mungo Park down to Livingstone and Stanley and the heroes of our own times.

The reader becomes carried away by conflicting emotions of wonder and sympathy, and feels compelled to pursue the story, which he cannot lay down. No present can be more acceptable than such a volume as this, where courage, intrepidity, resource and devotion are so pleasantly mingled. It is very fully illustrated with pictures worthy of the book.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS INTO SOME REMOTE RE- GIONS OF THE WORLD. With 50 illustrations.

In description, even of the most common-place things, his power is often perfectly marvellous. Macaulay says of SWIFT: "Under a plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed some of the choicest gifts that ever have been bestowed on any of the children of men—rare powers of observation, brilliant art, grotesque invention, humor of the most austere flavor, yet exquisitely delicious, eloquence singularly pure, manly and perspicuous."

MOTHER GOOSE'S RHYMES, JINGLES AND FAIRY TALES. With 300 illustrations.

"In this edition an excellent choice has been made from the standard fiction of the little ones. The abundant pictures are well-drawn and graceful, the effect frequently striking and always decorative."—*Critic*.

"Only to see the book is to wish to give it to every child one knows."—*Queen*.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES. Compiled from authoritative sources. With portraits of the Presidents ; and also of the unsuccessful candidates for the office ; as well as the ablest of the Cabinet officers.

This book should be in every home and school library. It tells, in an impartial way, the story of the political history of the United States, from the first Constitutional convention to the last Presi-

dential nominations, it is *just the book* for intelligent boys, and it will help to make them intelligent and patriotic citizens.

THE STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FROZEN SEA. With 70 illustrations. Compiled from authorized sources.

We here have brought together the records of the attempts to reach the North Pole. Our object being to recall the stories of the early voyagers, and to narrate the recent efforts of gallant adventurers of various nationalities to cross the "unknown and inaccessible" threshold; and to show how much can be accomplished by indomitable pluck and steady perseverance. Portraits and numerous illustrations help the narration.

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With 80 illustrations.

WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY needs no commendation. Its author has done more than any other writer to popularize the study. His work is known and admired over all the civilized world. The sales of his works in England and America have been enormous. The illustrations in this edition are entirely new, striking and life-like.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. With 50 illustrations.

Dickens grew tired of listening to his children memorizing the old fashioned twaddle that went under the name of English history. He thereupon wrote a book, in his own peculiarly happy style, primarily for the educational advantage of his own children, but was prevailed upon to publish the work, and make its use general. Its success was instantaneous and abiding.

BLACK BEAUTY; The Autobiography of a Horse. By Anna Sewell. With 50 illustrations.

This NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION is sure to command attention. Wherever children are, whether boys or girls, there this Autobiography should be. It inculcates habits of kindness to all members of the animal creation. The literary merit of the book is excellent.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. With 50 illustrations. Contains the most favorably known of the stories.

The text is somewhat abridged and edited for the young. It forms an excellent introduction to those immortal tales which have helped so long to keep the weary world young.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. By Hans Christian Andersen. With 77 illustrations.

The spirit of high moral teaching, and the delicacy of sentiment, feeling and expression that pervade these tales make these wonderful creations not only attractive to the young, but equally acceptable to those of mature years, who are able to understand their real significance and appreciate the depth of their meaning.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. With 50 illustrations.

These tales of the Brothers Grimm have carried their names into every household of the civilized world.

The Tales are a wonderful collection, as interesting, from a literary point of view, as they are delightful as stories.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR; A History for Youth. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With 60 illustrations.

The story of America from the landing of the Puritans to the *acknowledgment without reserve* of the INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES, told with all the elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness and force for which Hawthorne is conspicuously noted.

FLOWER FABLES. By Louisa May Alcott. With colored and plain illustrations.

A series of very interesting fairy tales by the most charming of American story-tellers.

AUNT MARTHA'S CORNER CUPBOARD. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. With 60 illustrations.

Stories about Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Rice and Chinaware, and other accessories of the well-kept Cupboard. A book full of interest for all the girls and many of the boys.

WATER-BABIES; A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. By Charles Kingsley. With 94 illustrations.

"Come read me my riddle, each good little man;
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can."

BATTLES OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE. By Prescott Holmes. With 70 illustrations.

A graphic and full history of the Rebellion of the American Colonies from the yoke and oppression of England, with the causes

that led thereto, and including an account of the second war with Great Britain, and the War with Mexico.

BATTLES OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION. By Prescott Holmes. With 80 illustrations.

A correct and impartial account of the greatest civil war in the annals of history. Both of these histories of American wars are a necessary part of the education of all intelligent American boys and girls.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN. By Prescott Holmes. With 89 illustrations.

This history of our war with Spain, in 1898, presents in a plain, easy style the splendid achievements of our army and navy, and the prominent figures that came into the public view during that period. Its glowing descriptions, wealth of anecdote, accuracy of statement and profusion of illustration make it a most desirable gift-book for young readers.

HEROES OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By Hartwell James. With 65 illustrations.

The story of our navy is one of the most brilliant pages in the world's history. The sketches and exploits contained in this volume cover our entire naval history from the days of the honest, rough sailors of Revolutionary times, with their cutlasses and boarding pikes, to the brief war of 1898, when our superbly appointed warships destroyed Spain's proud cruisers by the merciless accuracy of their fire.

MILITARY HEROES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Hartwell James. With 97 illustrations.

In this volume the brave lives and heroic deeds of our military heroes, from Paul Revere to Lawton, are told in the most captivating manner. The material for the work has been gathered from the North and the South alike. The volume presents all the important facts in a manner enabling the young people of our united and prosperous land to easily become familiar with the commanding figures that have arisen in our military history.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; or Life Among the Lowly. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. With 90 illustrations.

The unfailing interest in the famous old story suggested the need of an edition specially prepared for young readers, and elaborately illustrated. This edition completely fills that want.

RIP VAN WINKLE. A LEGEND OF THE HUDSON.
By Washington Irving. With 46 illustrations.

In this edition the passages illustrated come directly opposite their respective illustrations.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With 120 illustrations.

The handsomest edition of these charming verses ever published.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. With 50 illustrations.

The animals do the talking.

ROMULUS, the Founder of Rome. By Jacob Abbott.
With 49 illustrations.

In a plain and connected narrative, the author tells the stories of the founder of Rome and his great ancestor, Æneas. These are of necessity somewhat legendary in character, but are presented precisely as they have come down to us from ancient times. They are prefaced by an account of the life and inventions of Cadmus, the "Father of the Alphabet," as he is often called.

CYRUS THE GREAT, the Founder of the Persian Empire.
By Jacob Abbott. With 40 illustrations.

For nineteen hundred years, the story of the founder of the ancient Persian empire has been read by every generation of mankind. The story of the life and actions of Cyrus, as told by the author, presents vivid pictures of the magnificence of a monarchy that rose about five hundred years before the Christian era, and rolled on in undisturbed magnitude and glory for many centuries.

ADVENTURES IN TOYLAND. By Edith King Hull.
With 70 illustrations by Alice B. Woodward.

The sayings and doings of the dwellers in toyland, related by one of them to a dear little girl. It is a delightful book for children, and admirably illustrated.

DARIUS THE GREAT, King of the Medes and Persians. By Jacob Abbott. With 34 illustrations.

No great exploits marked the career of this monarch, who was at one time the absolute sovereign of nearly one-half of the world. He reached his high position by a stratagem, and left behind him no strong impressions of personal character, yet, the history of his life and reign should be read along with those of Cyrus, Cæsar, Hannibal and Alexander.

XERXES THE GREAT, King of Persia. By Jacob Abbott. With 39 illustrations.

For ages the name of Xerxes has been associated in the minds of men with the idea of the highest attainable human magnificence and grandeur. He was the sovereign of the ancient Persian empire at the height of its prosperity and power. The invasion of Greece by the Persian hordes, the battle of Thermopylæ, the burning of Athens, and the defeat of the Persian galleys at Salamis are chapters of thrilling interest.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE. By Miss Mulock, author of John Halifax, Gentleman, etc. With 18 illustrations.

One of the best of Miss Mulock's charming stories for children. All the situations are amusing and are sure to please youthful readers.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, King of Macedon. By Jacob Abbott. With 51 illustrations.

Born heir to the throne of Macedon, a country on the confines of Europe and Asia, Alexander crowded into a brief career of twelve years a brilliant series of exploits. The readers of to-day will find pleasure and profit in the history of Alexander the Great, a potentate before whom ambassadors and princes from nearly all the nations of the earth bowed in humility.

PYRRHUS, King of Epirus. By Jacob Abbott. With 45 illustrations.

The story of Pyrrhus is one of the ancient narratives which has been told and retold for many centuries in the literature, eloquence and poetry of all civilized nations. While possessed of extraordinary ability as a military leader, Pyrrhus actually accomplished nothing, but did mischief on a gigantic scale. He was naturally

of a noble and generous spirit, but only succeeded in perpetrating crimes against the peace and welfare of mankind.

HANNIBAL, the Carthaginian. By Jacob Abbott. With 37 illustrations.

Hannibal's distinction as a warrior was gained during the desperate contests between Rome and Carthage, known as the Punic wars. Entering the scene when his country was engaged in peaceful traffic with the various countries of the known world, he turned its energies into military aggression, conquest and war, becoming himself one of the greatest military heroes the world has ever known.

MIXED PICKLES. By Mrs. E. M. Field. With 31 illustrations by T. Pym.

A remarkably entertaining story for young people. The reader is introduced to a charming little girl whose mishaps while trying to do good are very appropriately termed "Mixed Pickles."

JULIUS CÆSAR, the Roman Conqueror. By Jacob Abbott. With 44 illustrations.

The life and actions of Julius Cæsar embrace a period in Roman history beginning with the civil wars of Marius and Sylla and ending with the tragic death of Cæsar Imperator. The work is an accurate historical account of the life and times of one of the great military figures in history, in fact, it is history itself, and as such is especially commended to the readers of the present generation.

ALFRED THE GREAT, of England. By Jacob Abbott. With 40 illustrations.

In a certain sense, Alfred appears in history as the founder of the British monarchy: his predecessors having governed more like savage chieftains than English kings. The work has a special value for young readers, for the character of Alfred was that of an honest, conscientious and far-seeing statesman. The romantic story of Godwin furnishes the concluding chapter of the volume.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, of England. By Jacob Abbott. With 43 illustrations.

The life and times of William of Normandy have always been a fruitful theme for the historian. War and pillage and conquest were at least a part of the everyday business of men in both Eng-

land and France : and the story of William as told by the author of this volume makes some of the most fascinating pages in history. It is especially delightful to young readers.

HERNANDO CORTEZ, the Conqueror of Mexico. By Jacob Abbott. With 30 illustrations.

In this volume the author gives vivid pictures of the wild and adventurous career of Cortez and his companions in the conquest of Mexico. Many good motives were united with those of questionable character, in the prosecution of his enterprise, but in those days it was a matter of national ambition to enlarge the boundaries of nations and to extend their commerce at any cost. The career of Cortez is one of absorbing interest.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By Miss Mulock. With 24 illustrations.

The author styles it "A Parable for Old and Young." It is in her happiest vein and delightfully interesting, especially to youthful readers.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Jacob Abbott. With 45 illustrations.

The story of Mary Stuart holds a prominent place in the present series of historical narrations. It has had many tellings, for the melancholy story of the unfortunate queen has always held a high place in the estimation of successive generations of readers. Her story is full of romance and pathos, and the reader is carried along by conflicting emotions of wonder and sympathy.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, of England. By Jacob Abbott. With 49 illustrations.

In strong contrast to the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, is that of Elizabeth, Queen of England. They were cousins, yet implacable foes. Elizabeth's reign was in many ways a glorious one, and her successes gained her the applause of the world. The stirring tales of Drake, Hawkins and other famous mariners of her time have been incorporated into the story of Elizabeth's life and reign.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST, of England. By Jacob Abbott. With 41 illustrations.

The well-known figures in the stormy reign of Charles I. are brought forward in this narrative of his life and times. It is history told in the most fascinating manner, and embraces the early

life of Charles ; the court of James I. ; struggles between Charles and the Parliament ; the Civil war ; the trial and execution of the king. The narrative is impartial and holds the attention of the reader.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND, of England. By Jacob Abbott. With 38 illustrations.

Beginning with his infancy, the life of the "Merry Monarch" is related in the author's inimitable style. His reign was signalized by many disastrous events, besides those that related to his personal troubles and embarrassments. There were unfortunate wars ; naval defeats ; dangerous and disgraceful plots and conspiracies. Trouble sat very lightly on the shoulders of Charles II., however, and the cares of state were easily forgotten in the society of his court and dogs.

THE SLEEPY KING. By Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. With 77 illustrations by Maud Trelawney.

A charmingly-told Fairy Tale, full of delight and entertainment. The illustrations are original and striking, adding greatly to the interest of the text.

MARIA ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. By John S. C. Abbott. With 42 illustrations.

The tragedy of Maria Antoinette is one of the most mournful in the history of the world. "Her beauty dazzled the whole kingdom," says Lamartine. Her lofty and unbending spirit under unspeakable indignities and atrocities, enlists and holds the sympathies of the readers of to-day, as it has done in the past.

MADAME ROLAND, A Heroine of the French Revolution. By Jacob Abbott. With 42 illustrations.

The French Revolution developed few, if any characters more worthy of notice than that of Madame Roland. The absence of playmates, in her youth, inspired her with an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and books became her constant companions in every unoccupied hour. She fell a martyr to the tyrants of the French Revolution, but left behind her a career full of instruction that never fails to impress itself upon the reader.

JOSEPHINE, Empress of France. By Jacob Abbott. With 40 illustrations.

Maria Antoinette beheld the dawn of the French Revolution ; Madame Roland perished under the lurid glare of its high noon ; Josephine saw it fade into darkness. She has been called the "Star of Napoleon ;" and it is certain that she added luster to his brilliance, and that her persuasive influence was often exerted to win a friend or disarm an adversary. The lives of the Empress Josephine, of Maria Antoinette, and of Madame Roland are especially commended to young lady readers.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. With 80 illustrations.

The text is somewhat abridged and edited for young people, but a clear and definite outline of each play is presented. Such episodes or incidental sketches of character as are not absolutely necessary to the development of the tales are omitted, while the many moral lessons that lie in Shakespeare's plays and make them valuable in the training of the young are retained. The book is winning, helpful and an effectual guide to the "inner shrine" of the great dramatist.

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, 380 pages, 164 illustrations, \$1.00.

It is appropriate that the initial work of this series should be that of our own country. From a few struggling colonies strung along the Atlantic seaboard, with a population of less than three millions, it has expanded in a little more than a century to an area that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the frozen regions of the North to the Gulf of Mexico, with almost a hundred million inhabitants.

This volume enables every boy and girl to make themselves familiar with the leading facts in our history from the discovery of America to the present time. It will make them, if possible, more patriotic, and will stimulate an interest in deeper historical study.

The full text of the Constitution of the United States and tables of the Presidents are given ; also the area and population of each state and territory, with the derivation of its name and the date of its admission into the Union. These, with an exhaustive index, round out the volume to generous proportions.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, 330 pages, 164 illustrations, \$1.00.

No history can be more absorbing and instructive to youths and adults than the History of England, and the aim of this volume is to enable them to easily acquire a knowledge of the leading facts in the building of the stupendous British Empire, whose full history, teeming with mighty events and spanning twenty centuries, requires volumes for the telling.

It is not intended that this shall take the place of the larger works—Hume, Macaulay, Freeman, Froude, and others—but instead to note the towering landmarks which mark the sweep of the empire along the road of discovery, conquest, progress, development, civilization, learning, art, literature, science and Christianity. Yet, it is a comprehensive survey of the advancement of a horde of wild savages, conquered by the Romans before the Christian Era, to the proud position of the foremost Christian Power of the Old World.

Valuable reference tables, showing a list of the sovereigns of England, its colonies and dependencies, with dates and modes of acquisition, area, population, etc., are incorporated into the volume.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, 355 pages, 115 illustrations, \$1.00.

France is a wonderful nation, and her history is instructive, for it includes every system of government that the ingenuity of man can devise. It is full of warnings, too, and of instructive lessons for American youths, lessons of absorbing interest and of amazing length and breadth.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, 320 pages, 115 illustrations, \$1.00.

The record of Germany, now among the foremost Powers of the globe, is one of valiant achievement on the battlefield, of patient suffering under grinding tyranny, of grim resolution and heroic endeavor, and of grand triumphs in art, science, literature, diplomacy. It is a story of patriotic toil, sacrifice and daring.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ROME. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo., cloth, ornamental, 300 pages, 100 illustrations, \$1.00.

The shriveled Rome of to-day is but a faint shadow of the stupendous empire whose mailed legions made the earth tremble beneath their tread; but the story of its grandeur can never be lost, and shall influence mankind through all ages to come. Its magnificence has never been surpassed; its heroism and sacrifices have touched the limit of human endeavor.

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF GREECE. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M. 12mo., cloth, ornamental, 300 pages, 100 illustrations, \$1.00.

We know very little of the early history of the Greeks; yet, by digging deep into the ground, we find remains of ancient strongholds and cities; mighty tombs, with not only the dust of dead warriors in them, but swords, ornaments and pottery as well; and from these we can paint vague pictures of the Mythical or Heroic Age of Greece.

GALOPOFF, THE TALKING PONY. By Tudor Jenks, author of "Imaginations," "The Century World's Fair Book," "The Boys' Book of Exploration," etc., etc. Pictures by Howard R. Cort. 12mo, cloth, 244 pages, \$1.00.

A story for young folks, told in the captivating style that has made Mr. Jenks' name a household word wherever there are English-speaking boys and girls. The book is delightful reading; as enjoyable as "Black Beauty," or "Alice in Wonderland."

CAPS AND CAPERS. By Gabrielle E. Jackson, author of "Pretty Polly Perkins," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "By Love's Sweet Rule," etc., etc. Pictures by C. M. Relyea. 12mo, cloth, 292 pages, \$1.00.

A story of boarding-school life, far above the average of such stories. Toinette Reeve, who has scarcely known the influence of a happy home or tender mother's love, is taken from a school where

the possession of money atones for shortcomings in character, and is placed with sensible, loving instructors who are not one whit behind their charges in the spirit of good fellowship.

THE LITTLE LADY—HER BOOK. By Albert Bigelow Paine, author of "The Hollow Tree," "The Deep Woods," "The Arkansaw Bear," etc., etc. Pictures by Mabel L. Humphrey, Louise L. Heustis and others. 12mo, cloth, 315 pages, \$1.00.

The Little Lady, who lives with the Big Man and the Little Woman in the House of Many Windows, is a dainty little girl to whom the Big Man tells stories and sings songs; just such stories and songs as children love. Then there are walks and excursions and many adventures, which the Little Woman shares with them.

TOMMY FOSTER'S ADVENTURES. By Fred A. Ober, author of "The Silver City," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," "Crusoe's Island," "The Knockabout Club Books," etc., etc. Pictures by Stanley M. Arthur. 12mo, cloth, 248 pages, \$1.00.

It is worth while for boys to read such a book as this, and girls, too, for that matter. Tommy is a sturdy American boy who has a glorious time in the Southwest among the Navajo, Zuni, Moqui and Pueblo Indians. Boylike, he gets into a "scrape," but a young Indian becomes his friend and later shares his adventures. The author has lived among the scenes he describes; and there is plenty of fun and incident.

FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND. By Carolyn Wells, author of "Story of Betty," "Idle Idyls," "The Merry Go Round," "At the Sign of the Sphinx," etc., etc. Pictures by Wallace Morgan. 12mo, cloth, 260 pages, \$1.00.

If a little girl or boy who loves fairies (and what child doesn't?) wants to go to Fairyland, and find out how they live there, what their houses are like, and what they do to amuse themselves, just read this book and be transported into the very heart of Fairyland itself. Every well-known personage of nursery lore eagerly helped to make Folly's trip to Fairyland a success, and this delightful matter, told in Miss Wells' own crisp and original manner, with frequent interspersions of her rhythmical, jingly rhymes, goes to make up the gayest, jolliest child's book of the season.

FOLLY IN THE FOREST. By Carolyn Wells, author of "Folly in Fairyland," etc. Pictures by Reginald B. Birch. 12mo, cloth, 282 pages, \$1.00.

Regarded by many as Miss Wells' best work. In this charming volume Folly meets and talks with the famous animals and birds of Mythology, History and Literature.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG. By Tudor Jenks, author of "Galopoff, the Talking Pony," etc. Pictures by Reginald B. Birch. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

If Gypsy, the talking dog, had not met Galopoff, the talking pony, this story could not have been written, and boys and girls everywhere would have lost a most enjoyable book.

DOUGHNUTS AND DIPLOMAS. By Gabrielle E. Jackson, author of "Caps and Capers," etc. Pictures by C. M. Relyea. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

All of Mrs. Jackson's books are delightful reading, especially for girls, and this volume, with its determined and purposeful, yet lovable, heroine is no exception to the rule.

FOR PREY AND SPOILS; OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER. By Fred. A. Ober, author of "Tommy Foster's Adventures," etc. Fully illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

Mr. Ober is the best authority on Spanish-America we have, and a story of pirates and their haunts could not be in better hands. This, his latest story, is at once thrilling, humorous and instructive.

RATAPLAN. A ROGUE ELEPHANT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., author of "Tales Told at the Zoo," "Jack's Visit," etc. Illustrations in color by Gustave Verbeek. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25 net; postage, 13 cents.

Books that help us to a more intimate acquaintance with the habits, traits and characteristics of animals are very welcome. The latest addition to this literature is a volume of spirited and well-told stories from the pen of Ellen Velvin, a writer of many successful books for children, a magazinist of acknowledged ability, and a Fellow of the Zoological Society, (London.)



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

WERT BOOKBINDING

JAN 1989

Grantville, PA

